George is a Brat and gets what he wants
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26020300.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF, Minecraft (Video Game)
Relationship:	GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF), Clay | Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF), Clay | Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Clay | Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay | Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF), Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	dom dream, Dom Sapnap, Sub George, top dream, Top Sapnap, Bottom George, Biting, Praise Kink, degradation kink, 'Slut Shaming', not really but kinda?, Prostate Abuse, Neck Kissing, Smut, Taking too long to get to smut, POV Third Person, Explicit Consent, Brat George, Sapnap is a softdom you can't change my mind, Bruises, Aftercare, Oral Sex, Polyamory, Ethical Polyamory, The trio are there for 5 minutes and are gone, Masochism, Sadism
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of George is a Brat, ouch
Collections:	you've read this fucker :], MCYT
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-21 Words: 17019

George is a Brat and gets what he wants

by FourWings

Summary

Dream and Sapnap are at a bar together for date night, George comes in with their friends. Sapnap wants to fuck, so does Dream after he finds out George is a brat. So they do.

I suck at summaries, Its really just 9K words of set up with the rest being Smut. Might expand into a series later, please dont count on it. ;-;

George was a brat, it wasn't his fault that ruling people up was so much fun, in and outside the bedroom. The clenched jaws, stiff postures, unamused expressions often bled into being held down by hands, rough angry hands not afraid to mark pale skin, teeth leaving marks and saying harsh words that made his stomach twist and churn in delight. It was too much fun, egging people on to get what he needed, and he was good at it and damned good at getting what he wanted... and he wanted all of it, maybe that was greedy but that didn't matter if he could get it.

Notes

I originally meant for the story to be around 5 thousand words, but it grew a life of its own and is now nearly 20K of self indulgence, so yay you have a lot to read now! This is my first time writing a lot in 3rd person, hopefully its not too obvious.

Also, I feel uncomfortable using most of their real names, George doesn't give me choice, but basically Ixdee is A6D, I had to make it sound like a name...

Some things to know, most of the self thoughts are in *italics and I think I made it obvious who was thinking what.* ***bolds*** *are Texting, I had some fun at that part.* Underlines *are typically for emphasis, except at the beginning where its a flashback, becuase I cant format italics and underlines in the same text :p*

Alright, well good luck I hope you make it to the end!

See the end of the work for more notes

Jade green eyes lazily scrawled around the room, a half-full cool drink in one hand, the other resting in the lap of the tanned boy at his side. “Dream, what are you doing?” Sapnap asked from his right, voice rumbling near his ear.

Dream gave a lazy smile, bringing the drink up to his lips to take a slow sip, lip only slightly curling at the alcohol taste that lingered. “Nothing Sap.” Was the short reply, leaning back towards the other, smile turning playful.

Dark eyes peered down at him, not a position he was often able to take considering how he stood several inches shorter, with mild disbelief and knowing. “I thought we agreed that we weren’t going to try and find somebody today?”
He snorted in response, watching the others face scrunch up at the air being blown onto his face, before turning slightly to press a soft kiss to the Raven’s cheek. “Looking isn’t the same and trying now is it?”

Sapnap shook his head fondly, now bringing his own drink up to his lips to take a long drink, finishing the dark glass in one go. “You’re so lucky I love you.” He said teasingly, leaning down to press a firm kiss to the blonde’s lips, pulling away just before it could get too deep and watching with delight as green eyes stared at him in annoyance.

“You are so annoying.” Dream pouted, sitting up so that he was no longer leaning on the other, a playful act of defiance.

“Sure, but you love me anyways.” was the coy response, warm and familiar and silken and home . Dream smiled, eyes closing briefly as he took another sip of his tropical drink, the alcohol burning less this time, as he set the half glass down. The Blond let his palm rest on the younger’s knee as he watched the bar staff take his Partner’s empty glass away wordlessly.

For a moment he thought back on how they had gotten to this point in their lives, together and happy, even if the road was lined with rocks at first. They had known each other since they were young, and even though they had moved away in their teens, they still kept in contact and their

early years were fraught with emotional frustration as they struggled to understand their feelings for each other. It was by sheer dumb luck that they had not only found each other on some fetish site without being knowing it was the other, but that they also somehow shared very similar kinks. The only problem was both of them had trouble submitting easily enough to not ruin a scene, heightened by the fact they had different Dom styles and needs; Dream leaned more towards being a Sadist, and Sapnap was SoftDom™, yet he wanted to make his partner work for it. At first it was all rocky shores, their arguments and frustrations dangerous rocks that threatened to destroy the Fragile boat they were building together.

Initially, it was Dream who suggested they try adding a third into their relationship, said carelessly at the tail end of an argument they were having over how they were going to be getting off that night, and he had the misery to see the dark passionate eyes twist in fury and pain, to see proud and confident features shrivel into hurt, so much hurt. While Dream didn't push it again, he wasn't sure he even meant the proposal or if it was just a knee jerk reaction to how they couldn't get their shit together enlighten to satisfy each other, the painful feelings lingered between the two for weeks, causing conversations to be scarce and reserved in a way they never had to be prior to the mention. When everything seemed ready to snap apart, despite 2 pairs of hands scrambling to hold everything together, Sapnap made the suggestion himself. It was as they were going to sleep, the distance between them feeling like oceans apart, whispered in the dark cover of night.

"I want this to work between us Dream, because this isn't. If this doesn't work, then we won't try again, okay?" Dream remembers how brittle those words were, as if speaking them louder would break them apart, but there was a sliver of hope in those whispered words. Dream agreed, and for the first time in a long time they slept near each other, and truly felt close again.

It still took a week for them to line their schedules up to be able to hit up a kink club to find somebody they were comfortable enough to try it with and arrange a scene for later in the week. It went well, with Dream and Sapnap both able to dominate somebody between them, but also allow them to be intimate with each other without the fighting from before. It gave them each other and direction for their baser urges that didn't require the other to force himself to be something else. There was finally peace.

They had struck this balance a year ago, and while they were occasionally able to hold onto the same partner for a few sessions, most were in it for the occasional one night off. It suited them just as well, as they didn't go very far in scenes with people they couldn't read well, and while some scenes they wanted were shelved, the burn still remained.

"Earth to Dream?" Sapnap chimed, slightly annoyed at his boyfriend's lack of attention. He blinked quickly, refocusing on the present instead of lingering on the past and giving a bright smile to the boy who held his heart for as long as it mattered.

"Sorry Sappitus Nappitus, was thinking about how lucky we are." Dream's tone bordered on playful as the warmth held in his eyes showed how genuine the statement was.

A light pink dusted over the others cheeks, causing him to scoff but still smile fondly, his elbow digging into Dream's side just as playfully. "It took you that long? What an idiot." The words were said affectionately. "I was calling you to look over there." Sapnap said, carefully pointing a finger across the busy room where a decently sized group had just come in, some faces familiar.

There was a moment of pause before the blond laughed loudly, putting his hand on Sapnaps back. "Seriously? I knew they said there would be going out tonight, but who would have thought they would have showed up at this exact place?" Dream asked excitedly, not quite yet understanding what Sapnap was pointing out.

Sapnap giggled at how excited the other was, leaning forward to let his lips press against the others ear, delighting in the slight hitch in the older's breathing. "Idiot, I meant the cute brunet with our friends."

Finally his eyes settled on the person in question, and Sapnap wasn't wrong, he was very cute, sporting fluffy brown hair and an oversized green hoodie with skinny jeans. *How does hair even get to look that soft?* Dream thought, letting his eyes wander down to admire the lean physique. "He's shorter than you Sapnap." Dream mused, his hands now resting on his own thighs, leaning forward a bit.

"Barely, but that's not the point. How cute is he?" Sapnap's tone and pitch were slightly raised in excitement, reminding Dream of a puppy.

"He is gorgeous, I'll admit it." Dream started, feeling Sapnap press closer to lay another kiss on his neck, teeth gently grazing the spot making him shiver. *Bribery.* Dream thought with amusement. "What do you want to do? I thought we didn't plan on bringing anybody home tonight because we are drinking?" He finished with a gesture to his half empty glass and Sapnap's empty one.

The younger developed a pout, pulling away slightly to look scornfully at Dream's drink, as if he hadn't already drank a Coke and Rum in a single go from excitement. "Stop drinking then…" He murmured, tone only half teasing. At that, Dream stopped looking at the pretty boy who was with his friends, all of whom hadn't noticed their presence yet, to look at his partner's face with interest.

Dream was always taken aback by just how handsome Sapnap was. With tanned skin and dark black eyes that were framed by full lashes, a strong jawline and fluffy black hair, he looked like a model brought straight into his life. Right now those dark eyes were staring at him pleadingly, clearly wanting to go back on the decision that he made that night, something that hadn't happened before. "Dreamie…. I want him." He implored, leaning forward to kiss Dream's cheek. "I won't drink anymore tonight, and you can drive us home since you only had half a drink, and-"

The blond chuckled at the younger trying to make deals for his permission, as if he needed it, stopping the other in his rambling in some mild form of indignation. "Let's start with this. I'll leave my drink here and wont finish it, so that I can drive us home instead of us Ubering." Dream said as a somewhat apologetic look slowly working his way onto his face. "But babe, we have to make sure he even likes men, let alone wants to come home with us. Especially because he is with our friends. We can't scare him off like that."

Sapnap, seemingly only hearing the 'good' part of the agreement, nodded eagerly and immediately moved Dream's drink away from him, almost as if he would go back on his part of the agreement should the glass stay there. "I have a solution for that second part, actually." Sapnap said slowly, making sure he thought it through before continuing. "I can just text Skeppy, and see if he knows if that guy isn't straight-" Dream snorted at the phrasing as Sapnap continued, "And if he doesn't, he will find out."

"Skeppy is too nosy for his own good." Dream stated aloud before shrugging in acquiescence, not opposed to trying to have the cute boy to share, especially after seeing how worked up Sapnap was over him. "Feel free Sappy, lets see where this goes."

Sapnap pulled his phone out very quickly, pulling up the contact for Skeppy.

Sapster
Skeppy, listen, I need a favor

Skeppy

This outta be good. Do I have to guess, or are you gonna tell me Naptis

Sapster
D:<
Dont look for us, but is that new guy with you, like, not straight????

Skeppy
xD Where are you guys, I'll answer if you tell me

Sapster
Pleaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaase Skeppy

Skeppy
Fiiiine, I dont know but I'll ask Bad who knows him better

As this exchange was going on, Dream continued to watch the shorter man from across the room, making sure not to stare too long, lest he meet their eyes and lose all composure. As he watched Skeppy lean over to ask Bad something, in clearly not as low a tone as he thought he did, as Bad turned to gently push him and he got the glorious sight of seeing pale cheeks turn a bright pink and caught the wisps of a nervous giggle float over.

Fuck.

Sapnap looked up at the sound, his own cheeks turning red before he groaned loudly from seeing and hearing the pretty boy from across the room. The sound called the brunet's attention towards them and they froze like bunnies, both blushing a little and looking away as Bad turned around to see what the boy was staring at with a curious look. "Dream? Sapnap?" The older man called out in disbelief before smiling and beckoning them over excitedly.

Almost reluctantly, the pair got up and made their way across the less busy bar, sliding into the booth with their friends, only now noticing the quiet Ixdee was also with them, looking as unimpressed as usual. "Hey guys!" Sapnap greeted jubiantly, leisurely leaning into Skeppy's lap as he scooted in. Skeppy gagged and pushed him off with a light shove, a playful smile on his face.

"Y'all are creepy, just watching us from across the bar." The blue haired man teased, wanting to get some entertainment value out of tonight.

"We wanted to see how long it took for you guys to notice us, and it took-"

"You guys foreeeeeeever." Sapnap finished for Dream, drawing out the word, causing a round of laughter. "I seriously thought I was going to die before you noticed us."

"So dramatic!" Dream teased back, his green eyes meeting the light brown ones that he felt hadn't left him and Sapnap since they walked over. At the sudden eye contact, the shorter seemingly puffed up, some silly attempt to stand taller and cover his embarrassment, as if the pink tinged cheeks didn't sell him out for it, but buried in their brown depths a small fire burned, interest perhaps? *Fuck it.* Dream thought rashly before putting on a coy smile, the expression blatantly predatory as his attention shifted to the boy who now had his interest. "Who's this new guy?" He asked, the question innocent enough if not for the tone in which delivered it, almost sounding mean- almost.

A slight, almost unnoticeable shiver went through the brunet's frame, the baggy sweater covering most of it, almost. Sapnap also caught the action and sat up with a lazy smile that carried a slight edge, not quite as sharp as Dream's, but laden promises unsaid and unknown behind it as Bad

answered Dream's question. "This is George, he's in my Coding class on Tuesdays! He's really good at Java, he's done a bunch of plugins for Minecraft that are really cool!"

Sapnap raised an eyebrow in response, *how fortunate*, the smile growing wider. "And you were hiding him from us? We play more minecraft than you both do." Sapnap teased, midnight orbs lingering on George's eyes for only a moment before turning to smile at Bad teasingly, the edge lost in an instant.

At that Bad pouted. "We weren't 'hiding' him, we were going to introduce him soon, but you guys said you were busy tonight." Dream chuckled at the accusatory tone Bad had used as his defense.

"Wow, go off Bad." Dream teased with a gentle smile before scooting over and gesturing at George, who was still standing still at the head of the table, to take the open space next to him- purposefully small to test a suspicion that was born in the posturing the other made. "You can sit, by the way. I don't bite." He stated with a smile that seemed to contradict his statement, white pearly teeth exposed.

A light dusting of pink crossed George's cheeks as he huffed in irritation, sitting down with a snappy response of "I'm not afraid of you biting me, you just were taking the whole seat up." Sapnap nearly melted, watching a small fire begin burning out of control in Dreams eyes. They loved a brat, *and* this one had an adorable accent.

Skeppy and Ixdee shared a small groan, to Bad's surprise and confusion, as they realized the situation they had just found themselves roped into, able to feel the tension filling the air like smoke. Sapnap felt his phone buzz in his pocket, distantly realizing it was the second time he had felt it go off since coming over. He plucked the phone out with delicate fingers, noticing the 2 minute ago timestamp.

Skeppy
Thumbs up Emoji

Sapnap smiled and gently bumped Dream's knee to show him the exchange under the guise of a meme, to which Dream snorted with a, "Not funny." before diving into a conversation with the others at the table, most notably ignoring George. At first Sapnap was confused by the tactic Dream was taking, having seen the look in the other's eyes to know he now also wanted George, but as the time passed he started to understand what Dream was doing.

Perhaps ignoring was a strong word, while he didn't actively start conversations with George, despite the intense looks all three of them were sharing and the constant pink shade that coated the brown haired boy's cheeks, and was always polite, almost formal with the way he addressed the other as well. Slowly, Sapnap saw that George was constantly trying to worm his way into conversations, specifically at Dream, seemingly vying for the attention only to be given short yet polite answers. The frown on the boy's face seemed to grow with each short and frustration began to build in his eyes, but he said nothing because he had 'nothing' to complain about. Sapnap could see how much an effect it had, noticing how stiff his body language became and his large hands with long delicate fingers bunched into the baggy hoodie he wore.

Sapnap grinned watching the young man before him slowly wind up over hot gazes but cold attention, and it was delicious. He may not be a sadist, but the sight before him and how much enjoyment he got from it always made him question his rigidity on the statement. Sapnap hummed lie in his chest as he casually wrapped his hand around Dream's shoulder, pulling him into a sweet kiss while casually staring at George, glad the angle prevented the rest of their friends from seeing, but having the delight to watch the British boy turn an even brighter shade of red of frustration and… *Oooh, thats interesting.* Sapnap noticed a trace of arousal in the gaze, but a quiet huff of

annoyance was the only verbal response the action got. “You’re a genius.” Sapnap whispered into Dream’s ear before returning back to the conversation, delighted by how smoothly things were coming along, even if Skeppy and Ixdee’s expressions showed they knew exactly what was going on and that the last place they wanted to be was here… of course none would be able to come up with a good enough excuse to leave without ‘corrupting’ Bad’s purity and sanity. Hence, they were stuck in this game of cats and mouse with tension thick enough to choke on.

Suddenly Dream groaned and gently tapped George’s shoulder, watching the shorter jump in surprise and furrow his brows, not unkindly, but enough to send an ember to the fire in the taller’s stomach. “I gotta use the restroom.” He said simply, a small smile adorning his handsome face.

George paused, weighing his optional responses. He had heard, in what he thought were jokes, about Skeppy and Bad’s friends who were, “weirdest doms ever” to quote, but he was surprised by how attractive they were. The situation was made ‘worse’ by all the looks he was getting all night, feeling warmth start in his stomach, an ember landing in when Sapnap kissed Dream and stared at him teasingly through out, it seemed like that wanted him, but what game to play… *fuck this.* “And?” He said in a teasing tone, a shy smile somehow turning into something teasing, playing a brat card, wanting to see the response it got.

Dream blinking, not quite expecting that response and was grateful for the rest of the group being distracted by their drinks and Sapnap’s antics, a chance to try and see if he could get the responses he wanted. “I need you to move.” His voice dropped an octave, and while it was dripping with honey, George couldn’t help but feel as if he was in a trap when it was combined with the sly look he was receiving.

“Or else what?” *Do I want to keep going? They are together… Did I maybe misinterpreted the looks?* Any hesitation was lost as a large firm hand placed itself on his knee, causing him to jolt out of his brief internal monologue and stare into the eyes of a hunter. *And I’m the prey.*

“Trust me, you don't want an answer to that.” The honey that had coated the words had dripped off to reveal poison, sweet and sinful and diving right into George’s gut. With a swallow and dark blush, he sneered feebly in response before standing up, and no his legs weren’t shaking, before providing a large elaborate movement to encourage Dream out. A small shock of pleasure struck his spine seeing the hunger and irritation in the taller’s eyes, causing him to develop a shit eating grin as the other stood up stiffly. George was a brat, it wasn’t his fault that ruling people up was so much fun, in and outside the bedroom. The clenched jaws, stiff postures, unamused expressions often bled into being held down by hands, rough angry hands not afraid to mark pale skin, teeth leaving marks and saying harsh words that made his stomach twist and churn in delight. It was too much fun, egging people on to get what he needed, and he was good at it and damned good at getting what he wanted. *And hell if I don’t want them.* He hadn’t been with two at one time, but between the dark and lazy, in a catlike way, energy of Sapnap and the cool, calculated assertion of Dream that seemed to scream ‘ruthless’, he wanted all of it, maybe that was greedy but that didn’t matter if he could get it.

Dream slid past without another word, the mood stayed upbeat as Dream walked away, the others seemingly not having noticed the exchange that left George’s stomach filled with fire. Then his eyes swept over the Sapnap who starred with a lazy and knowing smile. A heartbeat passed before the other sat up straighter and gently patted the booth seat beside him. “Might as well sit, sometimes he takes forever, and I don't mind you sitting by me.” It sounded passive enough, friendly enough, but something at the fringes of his expression that promised less than innocent desires.

Still, George strolled into the lion’s den with excitement.

George offered a nonchalant shrug before scooting in next to the tanned boy, keeping a short distance between them as he debated if he wanted to further provoke Dream by scooting out to take both spots when he came back.

“Somebody is thinking bratty thoughts.” Sapnap suddenly whispered near his ear, his eyes knowing and mirthful. Georges cheeks flushed a deep red, and he started to wonder if he was feverish with all the heat he had in his face now.

“W-what?” He stuttered a bit too loudly, drawing the attention of Bad and Skeppy, one of which gave him a knowing, if mildly annoyed, smirk before he pulled Bad hard enough to draw his attention into chastising him and keeping the attention off George.

Sapnap sighed before returning his full attention to George, raising an eyebrow as he leaned in closer, filling George’s personal space. “I said somebody is thinking bratty thoughts.” If Dream’s voice was honey, Sapnap’s was a fire, warm and low with a rumble that had no right to be there when it only served to scramble George’s thoughts further into the wind. “I wouldn’t try it with Dream,” George began to deflate. *This is where he tells me to stop flirting with him and his boyfriend.* “He is pretty ruthless with brats, especially when they provoke him in public, I’m not half as mean though…” he trailed off briefly, eyes taking on an unreadable look as he seemed to loom over George, “I like getting brats to beg for what they want, and make them be good for it. It’s so much harder for them that way.” George could have melted, braid frying and cheeks turning a shade of crimson that likely could be seen from the street. Sapnap, seemingly reading his mind, but probably only his poorly concealed expression, offered him a friendly and soft smile, a 180 that was starting to give George whiplash. “Hey George, let me get your number. We do play Minecraft a lot, code for it too sometimes, and it would be great to be able to play sometime.” Sapnap asked louder than the conversation earlier, attracting the attention of the others at the table.

George felt whiplash in more ways than one. *What is going on?* Another heartbeat. *Wait, he didn’t tell me off? He warned me, he said he isn't- they want me too? I’m not crazy?* Another heartbeat, now he noticed the eyes on him and processed the request. ...*Minecraft?* “Sure.” He said uncertainty, tugging his phone out of tight pockets and pulling up his own number to give to the other. At the exchange, Bad grinned, excitedly whispering to Skeppy and Ixdee how he helped George make more friends.

Sapnap hummed in appreciation, switching his phone into his right hand to seemingly text George and save his number. George kept his phone out, waiting for the text, when a warm large hand rested itself on his thigh, just above his knee. The warmth seeping through the thin layer of his jeans made him feel warm, and he snuck a look at Sapnap who was looking down at his phone as long fingers tapped buttons quickly. Not a moment later his phone buzzed in his hand.

Unknown Number
Dreamie, I got his number <3

Unknown Number 2
Nice Sapnap, thanks for making sure I got it too :P

George’s lip twitched, and fingers flew, unable to help himself.

Gogy
He did, if you would read. :PPP

George heard Sapnap chuckle lowly and shake his head, moving his hand further up his leg.

Dreamie

What a brat, and can't even read sarcasm. Bet I could fix that attitude ;P

Sapster
Dream, take it down a notch. >,<

Dreamie
He likes it though, you can't tell me he doesn't. He wont even deny it, will you Georgie?

Sapster
Dream!

Sapnaps hand was still on his thigh, not daring to look at the man to his left and waiting for some response on the text. George was blushing, was he truly that easy to read? *Clearly.* For a moment, he wondered if he should stop bratting, but then he decided there was no fun to be had in that.

Gogy
Why are you making bets you're gonna lose, Dreamie? I have no attitude to fix, soo you lose- loser xP

Sapster
Oh no, and I even warned you… >.>

George shivered, seeing the text dots as Sapnap rubbed circles into his thigh, still not glancing at him and it was driving him crazy. *Look at me!* He wanted to yell, but posterity in front of his friends across the table kept it at bay.

Dreamie
I never lose. Especially not to brats.
Do you want to play this game? Or do you want me to handle you with kid gloves still? Brat.

Sapster
I feel left out :/

George scoffed audibly, feeling fingertips dig into his thigh further, but just shy enough of bruising. *More.*

Gogy
Maybe if you looked at me while touching me, you would be included. And I don't need kid gloves, I'm not a kid >:C

Sapnap's hand on his thigh stopped, fingertips finally, *finally*, dug in hard enough to draw out a soft hiss. Slowly, almost shly, molten dark eyes met his, swimming with want, need, hunger. *It's like he wants to break me, or mold me*. George felt a small noise, high but quiet, break free from his throat at the look that set his insides on fire, only fueling the fire burning in the others eyes. "Happy now?" Sapnap asked, voice calm but low, acquiescence to George's 'request' in exchange for desire and fire and *more.*

Fuck. George nodded meekly, not missing the satisfied smirk on Sapnaps face before he stared behind George, a wider and knowing smile growing on his face, and George knew without turning around who had returned. At the same moment his phone buzzed and a body slid into the remaining space in the booth.

George quickly sat back up straight, not noticing how much he had leaned into Sapnap during the exchange, to look at stormy green eyes, a smirk resting on Dream's lips. He swallowed nervously,

and didn't miss the twitch of Dream's lips that almost seemed to challenge how bold he was on the phone to his nervousness now.

George glanced down at his phone to see the message.

Dreamie
You got it, Brat, they're off. <3

George shivered and watched the grin grow on both faces from his reaction before Bad coughed for their attention. A relieved look was on Ixdee and Skeppy's face, and George could guess what was happening. "Hey guys, I hadn't realized how late it was, and we're gonna head back.. I hate to ask, but are you able to drive George back home? He isn't far from your place, but it's sorta a long drive from ours… if you can't that's fine, I just thought you guys looked like you were getting along and it would be okay?" Bad asked nervously, looking a bit ashamed but Dream offered a bright smile leaning forward and letting his hand squeeze George's thigh hard. George bit his lip, but made no other reaction beyond that.

"Thats not a problem Bad, as long as he's fine with it." Eyes landed on George and he offered a reassuring smile coupled with a nonchalant shrug, not sure how so many things were going in his favor tonight.

"Sure, but if they murder me atleast I'll miss the test this week, so I'm fine with it." George answered, waiting to see the response to his dark joke.

Dream let out a hard wheeze, which George found immediately endearing, as he found it unnervingly funny and causing a short round of laughs. "I don't feel very trusted, but sure I'll get you home without being murdered." Dream said, still choking down laughter.

The group exchanged goodbyes, with Skeppy and company leaving while the other three stayed at the booth, the tension rising as they all waited for somebody to make a move.

Suddenly, and unexpectedly, it Sapnap reached over, his fingers wrapping around George's chin firmly to turn his face. The short man's breath caught as he was pulled closer to Sapnaps face, offering no trace of resistance, wanting to be closer, *closer*, and only letting out another small noise, watching Sapnap smirk in his face. "Dream, you hear that?"

The hand left on his thigh squeezed hard, *definitely bruises god yes*, making him shiver and bite his lip, breathing out oh so delicately as teeth gently grazed his ear. "Cute sounds, hard to believe he is a brat after seeing him lean in so easily..." Dream whispered in his ear before pulling back and making George whine at the loss of warmth, but the firm grip on his thigh remained. Both of the taller men shuddered at the sound and Sapnap turned his chin up, *God he's so gentle more*, to place a kiss on his neck, making him shudder harshly, feeling tingles in his fingers. *Wait, Stop.*

"Stop." He whined, cheeks red and body stiff, need consuming his thoughts and needing a moment of collection. Immediately, to George's relief, both men backed off, all hands off and leaving George to shiver at the loss of complete warmth.

Sapnap watched on in concern as Dream shuffled back a few inches, wanting to give the other some space to feel safe. "Did we misinterpret something George?" Sapnap asked gently, eyes softened from before with worry and anxiety. "Are we pushing too much?" Soft, gentle, *Please...*

George took a moment, recollecting his thoughts that had been scattered to the wind the moment Bad and the rest left him alone with all the tension between the three. Finally he shook his head, finding his voice, quiet as it was now. "No, not at all." George paused again, grateful the other two

were silent and letting him find the words and try to keep his heart from hammering out of his chest... “I just- uhm. My neck is really sensitive and I would rather not… in here.” He finished lamely, but not missing the delighted look on the pairs face, a flicker of desire, *please*, fill their eyes that still were so gentle, caring and making sure he was still alright before they proceeded.

Sapnap placed his hand on the others wrist, gently, taking it slowly and bringing it up towards his face to press a soft kiss to it, making George’s heart thump in a new way, . “George, we want you to come to our place tonight. Let us make you feel good, please.” *So soft.*

Dream reached out, hand once again on George’s knee, a reassuring squeeze that only served to remind him that his man already had left his fingerprints on his skin, making him shiver. *Breath, breath, focus, I don't want to but focus.* “We want to make you feel so good, we’ll take good care of you.” George felt like he was spinning and he didn’t know which way was up or down, he was elated and nervous and his chest was still squeezing. “Or we can take you home, we want to do whatever you want to do.” Dream finished earnestly, a friendly smile on his face with no edge or different meanings behind it.

George held his breath, forcing his brain to process, his brain in shambles and heart twisting painfully as his gut and stomach burned in need. Too much, not enough-*think!* George stared up, brown eyes molten as he looked at Dream and Sapnap, distantly amused by the baited breath they had waiting for him to decide. George had already decided long ago, but he needed to breathe and think carefully. “I’d like the first option.” He said, voice sounding much more confident and level than before, managing to sneak a sly grin onto his face as he answered.

Dream smirked, lips and freckles dancing as they moved to make the expression. *Fuck hes so hot.* He leaned in, chuckled at how still George became, pressing a kiss to the shorter’s temple. “Now?” he asked quietly, voice deepening.

Sapnap released George’s wrist and pulled back, standing up. “Now.” he said before tossing a sly smile at the brunet, seemingly knowing the answer already.

Dream sighed, shaking his head fondly. “I was asking the cute british boy, Sappy.” Dream teased, smiling fondly at the other while standing up, offering George a hand, which he took with a grin, standing up.

To his surprise, he was pulled forward until their chests met, George now realizing how much taller and bigger the other was, with his broad shoulders that George suspected had good muscle built and was strong. “I can’t wait to hear those sounds you’re holding back.” Dream murmured in his ear before he let go of George’s hand and stepped back, admiring the riled up look in the shorter’s brown pools.

“Too bad, now you won’t hear any coming from you.” George retorted with a devilish grin, but taking a step towards Sapnap as he said it, making artificial space between the two. Green eyes flashed in slight annoyance, shrugging his arms nonchalantly, yet the challenge sparked a fire in his eyes that was easy to see. As Dream turned to walk out the building, knowing with certainty the others would follow, Sapnap snaked in closer to George, wrapping an arm around the other as they walked towards the door.

“Does that mean I get to hear them coming from me?” He asked, voice teasing but husky. George shivered, but kept in step with the slightly taller as they made their way out the building into the refreshing cold air, his hot face glad for it.

“Sure, if you can make me.” George finally decided on, saying it just loud enough for both parties to hear, and pretended to not notice the stiffness in Dreams posture at his agreement, focusing on

the hand that squeezed his hip harder briefly before relaxing again. “Good boy.” Soft lips whispered in his ear before biting playfully down, delighting in the shudder that wracked the body in his hands.

As the two arrived at the car, Dream had already unlocked it and slid into the front seat, briefly adjusting the mirrors and seat since Sapnap was the last one to drive. He paused as he noticed Sapnap slide in the backseat instead of up front with him, raising a blond eyebrow silently in questioning.

Sapnap met the look with a sly smile, taunting in a way that Dream found endearing as he leaned his head into George’s shoulder. “I don’t want him to feel lonely back here, you don’t either so you Dreamie?” He asked, tone far too innocent to be taken at face value. A heartbeat passed and a look of understanding crossed the blond’s face before chuckling low in his chest, turning the key in the ignition to start the car, a warm puff of air blowing out the vents.

“You are something else Sapnap, have fun~” he green lit with a teasing bite in his voice, putting the car into reverse and pulling out of the small parking lot, fingertips trembling in excitement for the show about to happen.

George, not oblivious to the shifts in tone and expression, felt the coils in his stomach slowly wind up in excitement while waiting for something to happen, anticipation so thick he could taste it.

But as they pulled out of the parking lot and drove a few blocks without any more happening than Sapnap’s head resting on his shoulder, just barely able to feel his warm breaths pass briefly in front of his face, *he smells like a winter forest, and a little bit of alcohol.* George felt a frown start to tug at his face, feeling caught in a game from the teasing being done. *That I started… didn’t I?* He exhaled in an exasperated fashion. *It’s one I want, at least.*

Like clockwork, green eyes met his brown ones in the rear view mirror, amused but not saying a word, watching the events unfold. Sapnap gave a short chuckle before tilting his head up, practically speaking into his neck. “What’s up George? Something wrong?” That tone was too innocent, too knowing, *not fair* he whined internally.

“No.” Short and clipped, resilient. Quiet, not convincing, especially to the jungle attached to his shoulder and aimed right at his neck.

“You sure?” The question was breathed out, gliding across his neck and making him shudder, tension making the action feel so much more potent than it ought to have been. An opening was provided and was taken by the raven haired boy, leaning forward to press a long but too gentle kiss to the juncture where his next met his face. “You can tell me, what’s up?” *Fuck.*

George gave a small whimper that caught in the back of his throat, seeing the effect it had in the green eyes that briefly met his before they refocused on the road. “Stop teasing, that’s not fair.” The brunet finally settled on, shifting in his seat a bit, but not making it terribly far.

“Teasing? What do you mean?” Sapnap purred, sitting up now to look playfully at the other.

George’s lips curled in annoyance, frustrated pent up and pressing against his jeans in a way that made him struggle to find words that could get him where he wanted, only able to find ones that spun him deeper into their games and webs. “You know exactly the fuck I mean.” He hissed, reaching out and grabbing the others shirt to pull him closer, slightly infuriated at the amusement he found in dark orbs, as if he did something funny.

“Perhaps I do, but I need you to say it George.” He replied in a stern tone, his own hand reaching

towards the others waist, tugging them closer together. “After all, I might not know and think you’re asking to go home.”

Brown eyes flared. “Fuck you.” Sapnap grinned lecherously and Dream laughed in the front, further irritating George who wanted to do something, anything. He wasn’t used to composure in the face of his bratting, he hated it, he just wanted more than the teasing they were giving him.

“I plan to, after you beg me to.” George’s breath caught, giving Sapnap the time to press forward, landing a hard kiss on George’s lips, silencing him effectively as George hummed happily, finally getting something. He pulled back after a moment, licking his lips as George whined pathetically and glared. “You see, what I love most about Brats like you is you hate saying what you want, you just expect it to be given to you. Doms like Dream are so eager and happy to give you all the pain and bruises you want, because you still ‘win’ that way, don’t you?” His grin predatory and calculating and *so hot, speak dammit,* making George feel like a rabbit about to be pounced on by a cat.“But I don’t work that way sweetheart. I’m going to drag words from your pretty little lips and force you to swallow your pride to tell me <u>exactly</u> what you want me to do. I know you’ll do it too, because you want to be good for me don’t you?” Those lips and teeth were too close to his neck again, closing in for the kill. “Don’t worry though baby, I’m nice and we’ll start with baby steps, so be good for me and tell me where you want me to start, brat.” Dream looked on the seat in the back, breath catching at just how hot Sapnap was, dominating the boy with words with ease, once again thinking on how lucky he was before returning his gaze to the empty roads, grateful for them.

A loud and needy whine escaped George’s lips, knowing the battle was lost, but what a wonderful battle to lose. “My neck.” He tried, a last attempt of weak defiance in the face of a hunter who had already caught his prey.

Sapnap snickered at that, truly amused by the last fit of defiance, and his hand crossed over George’s body to firmly grip brown hair that was as soft and as silky and as pullable as he thought it would be when they first saw the boy earlier, before pulling it gently, a rebuke that would have to be enough until Dream could get his greedy hands on the mailable flesh in his arms. “You left some words out, are you sure you wanted me to do something?” Sapnap mused against the unmarked and pale neck in front of him, waiting for the dam to break.

At that the defiance melted away, leaving a soft warmth that bubbled at the edges of his fingers and toes, filling his cheeks with pink. “My neck, please Sir.” Meek, quiet, submission.

He felt the triumphant grin on his neck as he shut his eyes, not able to meet hungry green a moment longer before his back arched and a loud cry escaped his throat as teeth sunk into his neck. The unyielding grip on his hips kept him mostly in place as they savagely dug in, pain causing pricks of tears to build in his eyes, *finally yes oh god*, his body shaking and fingers grabbing frantically onto the others clothes, tugging closer as he shook. Finally teeth removed themself from his neck, leaving both an imprint and bruise in the sensitive skin along with a warm fuzz that coated the brunet’s mind.

“Fuck.” Two deep voices said at the blissed out expression on the Brit’s face, one smirking and the other sighing in mild bitterness before looking back to the road, grateful the drive was not too much longer. He wanted, he needed, to see that face closer, to be made by him.

Before George could come all the way back down from the short euphoria that came from the painful biter, a pair of lips attached to his collarbone, making him squirm as they started to suck hard, intent on making more bruises along his pale throat. His cheeks burned red in lust as he tried to squirm so more, needing some type of friction to go across his jeans, but Sapnap knew all too

well what the other wanted and wouldn't give it to him so easily.

Sapnap pulled his lips off the other, moving up to gently tug at the short's earlobe with his teeth before growling in desire as the other keened so beautifully and tried to move his hips again. "Ask." He rasped against the other's ear, dragging his teeth along the shell of brat's ear, captivated by the way his body writhed and shook in his arms from so little. *Dream is going to wreck him if this is getting such a reaction.*

George bit his lip in mock shyness, staring into Sapnaps eyes with a bit of embarrassment. "Sapnap…" he started, blushing realizing the words earlier were true, he loved brating because he could get what he wanted without having to ask- nobody ever made him ask for what he wanted, no, needed before. *And these are baby steps.* He thought with a shiver. *What am I getting into?* A gentle nip at the base of his neck brought him back to the moment and reminded him of the need in his pants. "Sapnap, please, touch me." He said, staring with sincerity and want.

A wry grin found its way onto the youngest's face. "Like this?" He asked, letting his hand in the others hair fall to gently graze across their wrist, slowly dragging it up to the crux of George's elbow.

George pouted, unhappy at being teased after already having to ask. "Sapnap." He started before his skin was harshly pinched, making him yelp in surprise.

"Or like that? You'll just have to be more specific sweetheart." Sapnap encouraged, a gentler tone and softer gaze becoming encouraging while green eyes stared on in soft jealousy, internally counting down the last few minutes from their destination.

George swallowed harshly, recollecting himself briefly, not that it's done much for him tonight, before closing his eyes and opening his mouth. "Sapnap, please-" he cut off into a yelp at another pinch to the same spot, staring at the other in irritation.

"Be good, look at me when you ask me to do something for you." Sapnap said firmly, gaze sharp, the only thinking keeping George from scoffing at the demand. *As if you don't want this too.* But for once, that wouldn't get him anywhere… wait a minute.

Brown eyes darted to look at green eyes focused on navigating the road. Dream, seemingly feeling the gaze, stared back unimpressed. "Do as he asks, George." He said unkindly, as if he already had guessed what George was thinking.

George's attention turned back to Sapnap, a teasing grin on his lips while he leaned in to whisper gently into the others ear. "I could just wait and let Dream take care of me~" his voice was soft, testing the waters for his move. By the end of the sentence, Sapnap laughed, truly amused by the play.

"You think you are so clever, don't you?" Sapnap asked curiously, tipping his head up to stare mirthfully at the driver. "Dream, he says he'll just wait for you to give him what he wants." At this the other laughed in amusement, taking the opportunity of pulling up to a red light to stare at George in the mirror.

"George, I'm not going to touch you until Sapnap gets what he wants. It's both of us Brat, that's what you signed up for. We go together or not at all. So do as he asks." He then returned to driving, leaving George without a path to argue.

George pouted briefly, not surprised by the answer, before meeting dark eyes still full of mirth and it irritated him, but he couldn't deny that everything about <u>this</u> was driving him crazy. Finally he

sighed and bit his lip before giving in. “Can… can you please touch my dick Sir.” He asked shyly, shame burning in his gut as he watched the amusement in the others eyes shift into triumph and pride.

“Such a good boy, that wasn’t so bad now was it?” Sapnap asked gently, both hands reaching up to cup his cheeks gently as if he were made of porcelain, before pulling him into a soft kiss, *a reward* he thought elatedly. “You are still such a brat for making it so hard, but that’s okay you’re being good now.” George gave a pitiful whine, the praise settling in his bones and skin in such a visceral way, blushing in embarrassment and his body shook in imagined stimulation. “Oh Dream.” The words were breathed out like a prayer, making him squeeze his eyes shut. “He’s so perfect, he’s shaking like a leaf in my hands.” There was a moment where the only sounds in the car were George’s breathy pants and Sapnaps heavy breathing. “George, look at me.” He opened his eyes hesitantly, another whine escaping his chest at the revering look he found waiting for him. “Did you know you had a praise kink?” George paused, not truly knowing that could be a kink, staring blankly before feeling his cheeks burn and he knew he was red. Sapnap chuckled at watching the Brit come to the realization, the sound deep and mirthful, as if he found a new toy to play with- well, guess he did. “Oh I’m going to have so much fun with that.” He promised lowly, pulling the other into another soft kiss that sent George writhing, before letting go of the others face to slowly drag his hand down his chest, teasing one last time before placing his hand on the front of George’s jeans, making him gasp and whimper again.

“Please.” He asked again without thinking, grinding up slightly before a firm hand once again, *frustratingly*, pinned his hips back down with a tut.

“Be good and be patient. You want to be good don’t you?” Fuck his stupid voice and questions, playing with his stupid new kink that set his body on fire.

“Yes…” a grin lit the others' features and he pressed one more kiss to George’s lips, chaste and sweet.

“Good boy.” A shiver and low noise, not as loud as before but the warmth still filled George to the brim, the only way to get rid of it being a soft moan. “I need both hands, but I want you to stay still. Can you do that for me, Brat?” The term sounded sweeter every time he said it, less like the insult Dream used it as, and it drove him up a wall.

“Yessir.” He breathed out a sigh of relief as the hand pulled off his hip easily, trusting the other would be obedient as promised.

“George.” Dream suddenly called from up front, calling his attention to meet pleased green eyes. “Look at me while you tell me how good it feels.” A slight rush of crimson rested on Dream’s cheeks, highlighting the spattering of freckles that adorned his high cheekbones. George went to open his mouth to answer in a smart fashion, Sapnap choosing that moment to roll his palm against George’s bulge, smirking at the breathy moan his action elicited.

George closed his eyes briefly and he heard a click of dissatisfaction from Dream, forcing himself to open his eyes again while whining in anticipation as Sapnap unbuttoned his jeans before gently pulling them down as much as possible. The brunet could barely contain his excitement at being touched, biting his lip as Sapnap reached under his waistband while nipping at his neck fiercely. George groaned at the actions, barely able to keep his hips still as Sapnap’s teeth trailed to his Adam apple, practically shrieking when Sapnap wrapped his warm fingers loosely around his dick, blushing at the moans the couple made at his sounds.

“Be good and tell Dream how good this is.” Sapnap reminded gently in his ear, following it up with a gentle nibble to his earlobe.

“It’s so good.” George whispered, and Dream shivered at just how breathy the boys already was, and he only now was being touched. The thought alone made Dreams cock twitch painfully in his jeans. “Sap’s hand is so warm and so good and my neck hurts so much-" he stopped mid babble to wail lewdly as Sapnaps hand, in apparent approval, grasped him more firmly while stroking slowly, testing to see how well George could multitask. “Oh god.” George moaned, his head tilting back as he tried to keep his hips still, a mantra of *be good don’t move*, running through his head.

“Keep talking.” Dream said from the front, alternating between the road and being enraptured by the scene happening in his car, without him, nearly sighing in relief as they pulled into their street. “Tell me, what’s Sapnap doing that feels so good?” Dream wanted to draw more embarrassed sounds and see that face so red it spread to his neck.

“He-he’s touching my dick and stroking me slowly, I feel like I’m going insane it’s so good please don’t stop Sir.” George whispered in a hoarse voice, feeling this odd mixture of shame at having to say the words that was compounded by how fucked out he already sounded, crying out once again as Sapnap chose that moment to bite down on his collarbone, sucking another dark bruise into the skin.

“You sound like you really want to cum.” Dream mused innocently from the front, carefully guiding the car into their parking spot, glad the car had a smooth park as George hadn’t noticed yet, too focused on the hands holding him together and the teeth ripping him apart. Finally Dream turned around to look at the boy head on and his breath caught seeing the pair, his cock twitching at the sight. Seeing Sapnap’s satisfied smirk as he whispered sweet praises into the brunet’s red ears between his viscous nips and hickies, his long tanned fingers that Dream knew all too well how sinfully good they felt wrapped around the others dick, setting the pace to be slow and teasing the poor boy who was falling apart from so little made Dream swallow hard, hardly able to control himself, but he wanted to let Sapnap have his fun.

Sapnap smirk diluted into a caring smile as he noticed Dream watching them with hunger, but restraint as well. Sapnap figured he could reward that. “Dream.” His voice husky as he spoke into George’s ear, causing another shudder to wrack the thin body. “Want a taste? He’s delicious.” Rather unfairly, but definitely purposely, Sapnap bit into the boy’s Adam’s apple, making him squeal in pleasure and finally buck his hips. Sapnap’s eyes danced with mirth, knowing George had to be punished, as he stared down Dream.

Well what kind of offer was that to refuse. The car wasn’t spacious enough to fit all of them in the same row, but Dream knew how to get across his point effectively in the space he had.

George felt a punishment coming from the moment he felt his hips move of its own violation, unsure whether it would come from Sapnap or Dream, who had just been offered access to his body as they seemingly made it to the pair's home. When Sapnap’s hand didn’t still and his teeth and lips were still content on his neck, George knew it would be Dream, and George felt a small sliver of apprehension fill him as he had no idea how it would come, but he didn’t have much time to think about it as a hand twined through his hair swiftly and savagely pulled it, harder than Sapnap had all night, making him cry out in pain as the pins and needles turned into spare of pleasure, before tilting his head back more. George barely held his body in check to keep from moving again from the pain and pleasure that danced beneath his eyes, panting softly. He opened his eyes to stare into green ones that still lurked from the driver's seat, Dream now turned around in the seat though to look at him with dark glee. “George, I thought you were going to be good for Sapnap?” *No no don’t talk to me with that voice.* George pleaded internally as the words were poison coated in honey, sweet and dangerous.

“I was, I'm sorry I’m so-“ he cut off with a strangled gasp as the hand pulled his hair harder, his

eyes pricking with tears at the sensation. “Fuuuuck.” He mewled helplessly, body shaking as he stilled and stopped talking, clearly given notice he wasn’t supposed to right now.

Sapnap giggled, fucking giggled, in his ears *when did he stop biting me*, before unwrapping his hand from George and humming at the strangled moan he heard from George. “I’m disappointed George, I only asked you one thing.” Sapnap said somberly, the disappointment evident and striking George in the gut. He whined softly, frowning and twisting his head, despite the pain-pleasure, to look at Sapnap apologetically.

“I’m sorry.” He murmured softly, genuinely. The tanned boy hummed in appreciation before unbuckling his and George’s seatbelt.

“I know you are, sweet boy, but you still have to be punished for being bad.” He said carefully, deciding on this next part before smiling as it hit him. “We’re here now and we have to go in now, I’d rather not try and fuck you in a shitty car.” He joked, smirking at the huff Dream gave. “Dream, do you think you could carry George in?”

Dream stared thoughtfully at the smaller, sizing him up before shrugging. “I probably could if you open the door for us.”

Sapnap’s eyes returned to George, still in Dream’s grasp with small shivers of pleasure, pain and denial wracking his frame. “George, he’s going to carry you in, but your punishment is you can’t put this,” he trailed a singer finger up the length of George’s exposed cock and hearing a low moan, “away. Got it?”

George hesitated, eyes showing uncertainty and it was picked up quickly by the pair. Dream’s grasp loosened to cup his cheek gently, while Sapnap leaned in, delicately placing his chin on the other's shoulder, both exhaling at the same time. “Too much?” Sapnap asked softly. *They’re so kind to me, and mean too.* George shook his head, leaning into the warm hand on his cheek to the shock of Dream, who had yet to see such softness from the Brat tonight, and it made his stomach twist in a way he wasn’t willing to process right now.

“That’s fine, I promise. I was just surprised and worried, but…” he trailed off, finding words. “I trust you two enough to not do something to hurt me… outside what I want.” He finished with a smile. The pair starred in silence before Sapnap laughed heartily, George feeling the vibration from it before the man pulled away to scoot out the car on one side.

“You’re right, I won’t but Dream, I dunno he can be a psycho-“

“Oh shut up Simpnap, that’s only in Minecraft.” Dream but back with a slightly annoyed expression, stepping out of the driver's side and opening the door to get to George, noting the shiver the Brit gave as the cold air washed over him.

“Basically when you’re hunting somebody, and let me tell you, I see some prey.” Sapnap finished with a wink, chuckling at the annoyed sigh that Dream released.

“I do, but let’s do that inside. You ready, Brat?” Dream asked with a teasing lit and a soft smile, making George’s heart twinge again because he nodded. He spread his hands out, not expecting to be carried bridal style, letting his hands looping his arms around Dream’s neck, surprised by how built he was. His cheeks went red in embarrassment and tucked his face into the others chest, not wanting the apparent sadist to see his embarrassment.

The walk to the front door was as uneventful as anybody, but George, has expected despite the cool night air making him shiver when it blew over his exposed member. The sensation was almost

painful, if not for the baggy hoodie covering his sensitive head at least. In moments they were inside, but Dream hadn't set him down yet, simply holding him in the doorway while Sapnap locked the door behind him. In the morning, with less of a haze clouding his mind, George would notice how messy the place was, with clothes, snacks and random games thrown every which way in the living room, but at the present he was focused on Dream's face, admiring the high cheekbones that gave his face a constant unimpressed look, but with the gentle smile he had kept since the car, he looked soft with the freckles and fluffy dirty blond hair.

Silently, for the first time tonight, Sapnap came up and pressed a kiss to Dream's chin, letting his teeth scrape slightly along his skin. He then pulled away as Dream growled, laughing tauntingly while untying George's shoes and pulling them off, clearly the only one able to do so while Dream tugged his off and kicked them into a corner.

George couldn't hold it anymore, he was so tired of waiting. "Please." He whined in a low tone, the two men groaning softly before Dream carried him down a hallway, Sapnap taking the lead to open the door for them. Dream carefully sat him down on the edge of a large bed, apparently made for three, causing George to raise an eyebrow in questioning.

"Another time, the story is too long." Dream answered quickly to the unasked question before pressing a savage kiss to the Brits lips, bringing a hand up to cup the brunet's jaw and keep him firmly locked into the kiss full of nips to already bruised lips.

True to his earlier promise, George only made a small whine and no further noises, something Dream noticed with a hint of amusement. *What a stubborn brat.*

When Dream pulled back, he took in the sight of flushed cheeks, molten brown eyes thick with lust and bruised pink lips, soft pants passing through them. "George, pick a safeword." He breathed out, wanting to make sure if he went too far George would be able to have him stop, hell he wanted George to know it was okay for them to stop at any point.

"Red?" George tried, preferring the color system, since stop signs were red, licking his lips from the kiss and thinking Dream tasted of pineapple with the smell of sandalwood and the forest. Sapnap returned with a grin and a bottle of lube, George briefly wondering how the boy could move so quietly when he talked so much, quickly gliding in behind George, pulling the other flush to his bare chest with a kiss to the brunet's temple.

"We got a safeword? Good. Sometimes people find the two of us… intense to take at the same time." Sapnap said near his ear, tone playful.

Dream, whose face was too close still, hummed in agreement. "If at any point you need or want to safeword, please do." He said, tugging the shirt he was wearing off before looking at Sapnap and snorting. "Somebody is eager." He teased, just having noticed Sapnap had already stripped and was fully hard. Sapnap made a face, amused by the teasing before pulling Dream into a kiss over George, both moaning softly at the exchange. "Help me undress him." Dream groused, quickly tugging his own jeans off before deftly taking George's off. They both paused, drinking in the sight of the smaller male in only his oversized sweater, Sapnap adding it to something they needed to replicate again someday as he slid deft fingers under the hem of both shirt and sweater, pulling it off before pulling the shorter one into a kiss, sweet and kind.

George whined in impatience, the kisses were nice but they squeezed his heart too much and he wanted his problem dealt with now. "Please?" He tried, rocking his hips up to meet Dream's, nearly groaning at the contact before a firm pair of hands wrapped around them and pushed them back to be flush to Sapnap's., George groaning in frustration.

“Please what?” Dream asked with a smirk, his hands being the ones that held George down before looking at Sapnap who was behind George, nipping at his neck with abandon, watching the skin break out in a beautiful pink.

“Fuck-“ he whined out, the skin on his face and ears turning hot again. “Please I need more, I'm going to explode.”

Sapnap hummed thoughtfully in his left ear, his nose tracing the shell. “I dunno, what do you mean by more? Like more kisses?” George could hear the smirk that Dream saw, about to protest before his hair was grabbed gently, damn them gently, and pulled into a soft kiss with Dream, nice but not what he needed. He tried to bite the others lips, something, but the heavy kisses and hickies being pressed into his neck were too much a distraction for him to truly make any good attempts.

When Dream pulled away, George let out a huff of irritation, almost a whine. “Please, touch me, I want to cum so bad please.” He tried again, this time Dream tutted, catching George’s bottom lip in his teeth, feeling the other writhe, but once again not making the same sounds he was giving to Sapnap before.

“What about us, George? What do we get if I let you cum?” Sapnap asked, moving his hips forward slightly and letting the tip of his cock run between the top half of George’s ass, moaning breathily in his ear.

“Anything! Please Sir- Sirs?” The statement ended in a question, but had a profound affect in the two holding him

“Whatever you want sweetheart” Sapnap cooed in his ear, his hands wrapping around his waist, helping to keep him in place. “You said anything? What does anything mean?”

Dream watched silently, he always loved watching Sapnap’s tactic of taming a brat, he didn’t have the patience for it and felt it was too easy on the Brat, but watching the proud boy before him twist apart at having to speak his desires, well, he could get used to watching this. Dream reached down and gave himself a few quick strokes, sighing in pleasure, smirking at the British boy who starred in jealousy, already knowing doing the same was off limits.

George’s head was spinning already, *how do they manage to do this so quickly*, he needed more, always more he was so greedy. “Anything, Anything you want, please touch me please Sirs please.” He whined, tilting his head back to rest on Sapnap’s shoulder.

Dream’s breath hitched and he dived in, fingers cruelly digging into the boys nipples, pinching them tightly between his thumb and index finger while letting his knee press against the boy's thigh, close but not close enough. George’s mouth opened in a silent cry, but the defiant look in his eyes showed the lack of sound was on purpose.

Dream’s smirk fell into an unimpressed look, letting go of his nipples in favor of grabbing the boy's chin and forcing him to look at him. “I feel like I’ve been very nice so far George, Sapnap might even agree, but my patience is ending here. I want to hear you scream my name, and I want to hear those pretty little whorish sounds you were making earlier for him too, and I don’t particularly care if it’s in pleasure or pain. Do you understand?”

Sapnap snickered and pulled up from a kiss on George’s neck to throw his 2 cents. “I’m all for this interesting battle of wills, but my dick is starting to hurt from being cold, so~” Sapnap said from behind, chortling at the look he got from the pair, *a pair huh*?

Dream let go of George’s chin and stared into his eyes, watching him have an internal debate. “I

understand.” George said finally, his jaw firm. “Make me.” Sapnap giggled from behind, squirming a bit to move George from in front of him into his lap, sighing contently as his cock settled between the others cheeks, snug and warm. Satisfied with the new position and the wriggling he got in response from the Brit.

Dream smiled apologetically at Sapnap, leaning in to catch a kiss with him and he pinched the skin above the ribs on George’s chest hard, ignoring the squirming and single whine he got, prolonging the kiss and nearly laughing at the smile Sap had. “I’m sorry babe, it might be a minute, I have a Brat to deal with, are you comfortable?” He asked in a sweet voice, but the smile showing the light sarcasm at the end, eliciting a mild eye roll.

“Get on with it, idiot.” Was the affectionate reply before Sapnap tightened his grip on the boy between them, and returned to sitting kisses and nips to his neck, excited to watch the other pull this brat apart right in front of him.

Dream grinned at the name calling before leaning up to catch George in a kiss, nibbling at his lip again, dragging the boy's bottom lip with his teeth as he pulled away, disappointed but not surprised at the lack of noise that came with it. He finally released the skin he had been holding earlier, admiring the red color there, almost certain there would be some sort of bruising remaining in the morning before finally looking up to meet needy brown eyes.

“Where to start, where to start?” Dream said mockingly, as if he hadn’t already decided. He peppered small kisses and nips down the boys chest, lingering at his nipples for a few seconds to discover that was not a sensitive space, and that the pinch earlier had just been painful, before moving on quickly to land savage nips along the ribs, seeing how the skin twitched in response and the pale skin turning red from each touch. Green eyes flicked up to observe the boy's reactions as he moved, trying to gauge how much of a masochist the boy was, not wanting to push too far as this wasn’t a scene they had planned out before yet, yet, but what sort of impression could Dream leave for future obedience he wasn’t able to follow up on his promises? Finally, an answer presented itself, and Dream felt a sadistic grin cross his face.

Sapnap shivered at the look, chuckling at George’s misfortune to have elicited thay smile, his cock getting harder thinking about what Dream could be thinking of.

The blond gave what sounded like a resigned sigh after he nipped and sucked dark bruises above the brunet’s hip bones, so close to where he obviously needed the most attention. “George, you really are something, and normally I would like to spend all night tearing you apart, but Sapnap looks pained every time he feels your hole flutter, so I have to move this along.” As expected, George’s face seemed to fall, as if he was disappointed that Dream wouldn’t play his game, not realizing the blond had calculated how to win the brunet’s game. *Bingo*. “Don’t worry though, I’ll make sure you get the pain you need, you precious little Brat.” Satisfaction curled in Dream’s chest as he saw George’s breath hitch. “So sit there and be a good slut now will you?” That was a gamble, he showed that he had a praise kink, but did he have a degradation one too? Dream could have purred at the blush that covered the bruised neck, proud he had guessed well. “A praise and degradation kink. You really are something.” Dream mumbled, thinking back to when Sapnap said George was perfect in the car.

Dream moved down in between George’s thighs, surprising him by actually wrapping his hand around George’s dick and stroking him quickly, the precum that had leaked down acting as sufficient lube. All the while, Dream was kissing and sucking soft bruises into the boy's thighs, nothing but nice and sweet as the shorter panted and grit his teeth, determined not to make a sound for the sake of pride. Sapnap chuckled against George’s back, suspecting what Dream was going to pull, but didn’t say a word as the Brit slowly got closer and closer to cumming like he wanted, body

starting to shake. *So close, oh god a little more-*

And it stopped, Dream's hand was off his cock. George felt as if he had been thrust into ice cold water, shaking and giving out a true, loud whine, attempting to buck his hips, but Sapnap allowed no room, just watching his red cock dribble pathetically. *Cute.* "Why, no I was so close why?" He asked, face red with confusion and lust,eyes shiny and discombobulated. Dream snickered at that, still between the others thighs before glancing up with a smirk that promised, fucking promised, pain. He used one hand to lift George's leg over his shoulder, the other expectedly pliant, exposing soft skin that covered the back of his thighs and knee. Suddenly George knew and his heart hammered in his chest. *Yes no yes ple*

George had no time to cover up the scream that escaped his lips and Dream sunk his teeth, hard into his sensitive skin, body trembling in Sapnap's lap and his finger dug frantically in the bed on either side of him. Dream stayed in place for a moment to check the George's reaction, a brief moment of pride flushing through him for finally elliciting a sound out of the stubborn boy, his heart quickly sinking as he heard a muffled sob and, to his surprise, the tang of blood hit his mouth. *Shit shit too far*. Dream quickly pulled back and Sapnap went to move when George whined in disagreement, breathing hard and soft sobs breaking free from his chest, shaking his head quickly to keep them from moving. He brought up shaking arms to wipe at his eyes that were wet but not tears, looking at Dream with blown pupils.

"Please don't stop." He said, voice wanton and cracked and- *fuck*. Dream's cock gave a twitch and he groaned, committing the Brit's face and splotchy cheeks to memory.

"Color?" Sapnap said in his ear, midnight eyes wide with surprise, and arousal. *He's so good, god so perfect.*

"Green, so green please don't stop I need it I'll be good just don't stop please." He said hurriedly, tilting his head back to kiss Sapnap desperately, the other allowing him to.

Dream shivered at the words, the fire bursting into an inferno. "You'll be good, but you don't want me to stop?" He asked, and George fucking sobbed.

"Please, please I like it, it feels so good Sir. I want it. I won't be quiet anymore I promise." He pleaded and without another word, Dream stood up and pulled George up, wrapping the boy's legs around his hips briefly, figuring he couldn't stand at the moment, while glancing at Sapnap.

"Wanna sit by the headboard?" He asked, and at Sapnap's curious look, Dream continued. "I'm going to prep him, but he looks like he needs something to do with that whiny ass mouth he likes using so much.

"Please." George whispered desperately, leaning up to catch Dream's lips in a frantic and messy kiss, teeth clacking almost painfully as Dream chuckled, pulling back quickly.

"You're such a cute little whore once you finish being a fucking brat." He said fondly, seeing Sapnap had already set himself by the headboard, using one of their pillows for his back while setting up some a few inches away in a gentle slope, *Thank fuck we have a lot of pillows.*

Dream set George back down, not before grabbing at his ass hard, watching the other shiver and moan softly with an indignant flush on his cheeks. "Get on your stomach and help Sapnap out with his problem. You said 'anything' and this is what it looks like." Dream said harshly, unable to help the groan he let out seeing how quickly the George moved to listen.

George barked out a quick 'yessir' as he scrambled to get on his stomach, giving an appreciative

glance at Sapnap's thoughtfulness with the pillows before draping himself over them, staring up at Sapnap with an eager look. Sapnap grinned and tilted his chin up into his lap. "Start with stroking me, and if you're good you can suck me. Be as loud as you want, I want to hear you scream for us, okay?" He crooned, letting a hand thread through brown waves gently, absolutely enchanted by the boy that seemed so perfect for him and Dream.

As George went to wrap his hand around the others dick, Dream huffed in irritation, firmly gripping the back of George's thighs, careful to avoid the bleeding bite mark, and pushed his legs so he was on his knees while still being supported by the pillows. George threw a look over his shoulder, still managing to look adorable when annoyed, that was met with a stony expression from Dream. "Sap, hand me the lube." A quick exchange of the lube later, Dream was warming up the lube in his hand, sprinkling bites along the back of George's thighs, living for the small moans he was treated to for his efforts. He reached down with one hand to give himself a few more quick strokes, forcing himself to be patient and to prep George properly instead of rushing it and listening to his cock.

George gasped softly, tipping his hips back a bit as he felt a finger press against his entrance, simultaneously being pushed back into place by Dream with Sapnap grabbing his chin firmly, grip tight. "Stay still and pay attention to me." He said, fingers gliding down to his neck to press onto the bruises and hickies that had already formed, making the smaller shudder. George shivered and reached out to gently wrap his hand around Sapnap, shivering at the low moan the other released, relaxing into the headboard with an expectant look. "Keep going."

Dream didn't bother watching the soft display, opting for pressing his finger into the other, shivering at the warmth that surrounded his finger and the way the muscles twitched, squeezing and relaxing around the intrusion, feeling his skin break into goosebumps as he thought how his cock would feel inside. He waited a moment, giving the boy some time to adjust, before starting to pull it in and out, gently wiggling his finger around to see if he could graze George's spot, having no luck at first. While he opened George up with one finger, Dream leaned down and started delivering hard and sharp bites to the back of the boys thighs, chuckling at the sharp whimpers and moans for 'more' he got, promptly ignoring them all just to hear them get louder- as if he couldn't hear them.

Once Dream felt like George had stretched out sufficiently, he added another finger in and watched the other shake and exhale harshly, moaning as his hand stroking Sapnap got a little faster, the raven haired boy moaning loudly and tangling another hand in the brunet's hair, gently tugging. Instead of allowing George to adjust, Dream started to move his fingers around looking for George's prostate, grinning as the boy yelled in surprise and his cock leaking profusely, when Dream's fingers slid down a particular spot. Curious, and a bit maliciously, Dream ran his fingers over it one more time, slower and harder than before, shivering at the low and lewd moan George gave, his legs trembling. "Bingo~" Dream singsonged along the back of George's thigh before delivering another harsh bite while crooking his fingers again, feeling his cock twitch again at the scream that he was able to rip out.

George felt his throat feel rubbed out after he screamed, but he felt so good he couldn't help it. His legs hurt so good, he couldn't wait to see the bruises he had in the morning from Sapnap and Dream. He cried out, trying so hard not to squirm while Dream was rubbing his prostate over and over again, making his legs feel like jelly. Sapnap moaned loudly at George's scream, now using his hand locked in George's hair to force the other to look at him in the eyes. "You've been so good George, so good for both of us. You deserve a reward." He mumbled affectionately, hand dropped to George's chin to run a thumb across his lips. "But I want you to Beg for it. So beg me to give you a reward." For a moment Sapnap's eyes met Dream's , a quick plot shared in the look.

George swallowed the drool that was collecting in his mouth, not bothering to collect his thoughts and just feeling his good it was to Dream's fingers inside him, his teeth biting him at the same time his fingers brought him up. How good it felt to have Sapnap cradle his face, tug at his hair, to hear his moans as he made the other feel just as good as he did. So when Sapnap asked him to beg, he opened his mouth thoughtlessly and eagerly to beg. "Please, Sir, can I-" and he cut out with a strangled moan as Dream chose that exact moment to push a third finger in, immediately pressing on his prostrate and delivering a harsh bite to the opposite thigh, nearly breaking skin.

He could have sobbed at how hard his cock was, he had never been hard for this long without getting off, usually having to deal with being overstimulated after an orgasm, and he couldn't tell if he loved it or hated it. George felt tears well in his eyes at the stimulation, the need. He could guess how he looked to the other two but he didn't care he needed more. "Sir please can I suck your cock?" He finally ground out, looking up at Sapnap who just smirked and patted his cheek before threading his fingers into George's hair.

"Go right ahead, little Brat. You're so good." He cooed, almost sounding sarcastic if not for the look in his eyes that promised earnestly.

"Thank you." Relief. George leaned forward, pressing a soft kiss to the top of Sapnap's cock, thoroughly enjoying the needy moan the Raven let out, before taking the tip fully in his mouth, slowly running his tongue over the slit and moaning at the precum that leaked out, the taste filling his mouth.

"Shit George." Sapnap moaned and tugged at the boys hair, making both of them moan. Dream looked up and groaned at the sight of seeing George's mouth wrapped around Sapnap's cock, the latter's face an indicator of how good he felt. Dream glanced back to his fingers and stretched them out, admiring his work and deemed George was stretched out enough to finally fuck.

"George, color?" Dream asked as he stood up, checking in on the boy who was a series of moans and whimpers between him and Sapnap.

George reluctantly pulled Sapnap out of his mouth, gently blowing on it as a tease, although being immediately punished with a harsh pull of his hair forcing a whine out. "Green, really green please Dream just fuck me." He whined, putting Sapnap's cock back into his mouth as fingertips pressed into his hip harshly, tugging his hips back while Sapnap's grip in his hair kept him firmly in place.

"You're such a needy whore George." Dream snickered, sounding an odd mixture of mean and fond. George gave a guttural moan before taking Sapnap further into his mouth, using his hands to stroke what wouldn't fit. Dream lined up and pushed in slowly while keeping a firm grip on the brunet's hips, unable to help moaning the whole way in. It started a chain reaction that brought the other two to moan, Sapnap looking at Dream and reaching out to grab Dream's hand, bringing it to his face and flipping it around to kiss his wrist with a light nip, both of them taking a true minute to let George adjust to the intrusion.

"Fuck our good boy Dream." Sapnap murmured against his wrist as George's panting started to turn into whiny moans. "Make him cry, I know he will if you can fuck him good enough." Sapnap challenged.

George whimpered at that, shivering in suspense as Dream chuckled, the sound menacing, hands around George's hip tightening as he pulled out slowly, only leaving his head inside, before slamming back in, making George gag on Sapnap's cock. The brunet tried pulling up but Sapnap moaned and held his face there for a moment, letting his cock be still inside George's contracting throat before pulling him up and off, a thin trail of spit hanging from George's mouth and he coughed slightly. "You're such a good boy George, holding my cock in your throat. You're so

pretty with my cum on your bruises lips. God, George, so fucking good." Sapnap said, watching the others' expression twist in lust and embarrassment before shifting to raw pleasure as Dream thrust in again, faster this time and truly drawing out a scream.

"He's such a little slut Sapnap." Dream moaned as he thrust in again, digging his fingernails in and making George writhe at the sharp sensation. "Look at him, taking both our cocks so well, like a good cock slut." George whimpered as Sapnap pulled his head back down to take his cock down his throat, not stopping this time until all of his cock fit in George's mouth, leaving Geouge's nose nestled right at the base of his cock where a neat arrangement of black hair waited, puffing and moaning into them as Dream continued to thrust in. "God, he's so tight too, I don't really think I can hold back tonight." Dream muttered, snapping his hips back before driving them forward into the tight heat, shifting his angle a bit that time.

George felt the tears start to build up but he didn't let them fall, not yet not so soon, as he was pulled into each of Dreams thrusts and his head was maneuvered to bob up and down on Sapnap's cock. The room was filled with moans from all three, George's increasing in pitch as every thrust brought him closer, but not close enough without anybody touching his cock. It almost felt unfair, cruel, that they were getting closer and George was just stuck. At that a year finally fell over and Sapnap grinned and ran a gentle hand through his hair. "I got a single tear, but I don't think it was you fucking him Dream." Sapnap said slowly, letting the boy's hair go so he could pull up, gently petting George's hair as he did so.

"Unfair." He croaked out, throat raw from being fucked out. Sapnap's grin got wider, knowing where this was going, cupping the others cheek with his free hand. "I want to cum too. You said." George knew hesounded whiny, but fuck he couldn't help it.

Dream huffed from behind and gave a harsh thrust in, sending George reeling with the hand on his cheek the only anchor at that moment. "Georgie." Sapnap whispered gently, as if he were speaking to a child, it would be patronizing if not for the tenderness he spoke with. "You don't get to cum until after we do. It's not unfair, because we both are making you feel good, so you have to behave and wait." George whined at that, moaning shortly after as Dream thrust in again. "I'll tell you want, the faster you get me off, the sooner I'll get you off okay?" That didn't sound any different than what he had originally said, but George jumped and went right back into the tanned boy's cock.

He let his tongue run across the bottom of cock, feeling a vein that was barely bulging below the skin, as he let it rest in his throat, only barely holding back the urge to gag as he bobbed his head. He took care to pull almost all the way off every once in a while to pay special attention to the head, lapping up every bit of precum that was starting to flow faster. All the while mewling around Sapnap's cock and writhing as Dream jackhammered into him, George feeling tomorrow bruises on his hips with each pull.

Sapnap's moans were getting more and more frequent, his hands scraping George's scalp and pushing it back to see the face that was taking his cock so well, his breath getting shorter. "Fuck, so good George I'm so close." He moaned. "Can I fuck your mouth?" He asked softly, George recognizing it as a request and not an order. George hummed around Sapnap's cock, permission given easily. "You're so fucking perfect." He hissed, letting both hands tangle in the brown hair as his hips snapped forward, driving his cock in deep and moaning in bliss, George simply losing himself in the sensation of being fucked in tandem, moaning and mewling in satisfaction as his fingers started to tingle.

"Holy fuck you both are so hot." Dream whispered from behind, his thrusts stuttering as he watched Sapnap fuck George's throat. Smirking deviously, Dream let his hands slide up George's

sides before pinching the skin all the way back down. “You really are a little cock slut aren’t you George? Sapnap is fucking your pretty little throat and I’m stretching your tight little hole here, and you’re just taking it like a good slut.” Dream hissed, relishing in the pitch change George’s moans took on, and the way his whole cluttered around Dream’s cock, leaving him breathless for a moment and glad he wasn’t thrusting or he would have cum right then.

George felt like screaming, and if not for the giant cock in his mouth, he would. Dream and Sapnap were giving him whiplash from the name calling to praise, his head just couldn't keep up, didn’t want to keep up. Before he could linger on it, Sapnap’s breathing took a got quicker and his thrusts became less rhythmic. He’s so close. George let his eyes look up into dark brown ones swimming in lust, almost pouring over the brim, and seeing the look was all it took. “Fuck, George I’m cumming.” He said, gripping George’s hair tighter before tilting his head back and moaning as his cock twitched in George’s mouth, filling it with cum. George didn’t normally swallow, but he couldn’t resist teasing Sapnap.

As Sapnap came down from his high, he pulled his cock out of George’s mouth, surprised at the lack of semen left on it. Before he could say a word about it, George grabbed his wrist and tapped it, causing him to look back down at the brit’s face, a somewhat mischievous look there before he made a big deal of swallowing. Sapnap’s cheeks burned red, flustered, and he pulled George’s hair hard, making him yell in surprise. “Jesus fucking Christ, nobody gave you permission to be this hot.” George smirked in response, wordless at the moment.

“Did he… swallow?” Dream asked, having stopped to watch Sapnap cum.

“Fucker made a show of swallowing.” Sapnap said with a groan before looking up and giving Dream a grin. “You’re close too aren’t you, Dream?” Dream raised an eyebrow but nodded, looking back down to the hole his cock was still in, feeling it fluttering around him. “Pull out, and George flip over. You deserve something extra special as a reward for being so fucking perfect.”

A quick movement and the soft sounds of 3 pillows hitting the floor later, George found himself on his back with a smaller pillow under his head and another under his hips, angling them up a bit, with Dream between his legs and Sapnap next to him. “Fuck me please I’m going to die.” George said dramatically, although his leaking cock seemed to agree with the statement.

“Such an impatient whore.” Dream groused with no bite, shoving his cock back in ruthlessly, admiring the perfect ‘O’ George’s mouth made for only a moment before resuming his quick and hard thrusting, changing his angle every few thrusts looking for George’s prostate once more.

Sapnap wrapped a hand around George, giving him a few slow but steady strokes, relishing the soft, whorish moan the boy made, keeping the pace painfully slow. “Sapnap please.” He pleaded, only for Sapnap to press a kiss to the others pleading lips, a whisper to wait being his only response.

Suddenly George let out a strangled scream, his fingers digging into the bed as his back arched, Dream quickly grabbing his hips to pull him back onto his cock and making him squirm with Dream’s tip pressed flush to his prostate. A cruel smirk crossed Dream’s place as he rolled his hips inside the other, watching him writhe with a wail, eyes wide and wet. “Is that where it is George?” Dream asked, rolling his hips again when there was no answer, only mewls and heavy breathing. “Answer me, Brat.”

“Ahh! Yes, fuck yes please don’t stop please I’m so close please.” George hurried, only stopping as Dream began his pace again, this time hitting George’s prostate with every thrust. “Fuck so good thank you Sir.” He sobbed, eyes shutting as he felt himself coming so close, but Sapnap let him dangle there, seemingly waiting for Dream to catch up. He was nearly delirious with pleasure, his

throat raw from the screaming and moaning as Dream continued to fuck into him, begging to cum being a constant mantra from his lips.

Finally, Sapnap leaned over and, in a single flawless stroke, took all of George into his mouth. George's eyes rolled back and he sobbed at the sudden warm and wet and fuck! Sapnap sucking and bobbing his head drove him head first over the edge with a scream feeling tears run down his face as a powerful orgasm wracked his body, video on going blurry for a few moments.

Dream stopped and moaned loudly, his fingertips digging into the pale boy's hips to hold him in place, his fingers grazing over Sapnap's hand that was there too, as he finally came, hips driving in hard a few more times. As the two caught their breath Sapnap chuckled and spit out George's semen into a bin nearby. "You two literally are so hot I could go again." He teased, hearing Dream groan at him before he stood up, shivering at how sensitive his skin was, leaving the room briefly.

He returned only a few minutes later with some damp, warm towels and a few dry towels as well. He sat down gently near George's head, handing Dream a towel while admiring how blissed out George was. "He looks like he's pretty deep in." Sapnap mused, running a hand along his cheek gently.

"Let him enjoy it." Dream groused before extending a hand for a warm towel, wiping his cock off first, wincing only a bit, before leaning down and delicately wiping off George's cock, noticing the twitches and whimpers the other made as he came down from the high- a sense of pride filling the pair having brought the boy so high. As Dream went on cleaning the lower half of the George, Sapnap ran his fingers through sweaty brown hair, still soft until it dried, wiping the cloth against his neck where a motley of bruises were starting to form, and his face where he looked red and sweaty.

As they were doing this, George finally found his words again as the brunt of the Sub Fog pulled away. "I don't even have words." He croaked, shutting his eyes for a moment, unable to help the small twitches he made while towels cleaned him off. *How long was I up for them to be cleaning and taking care of me?*

Dream laughed. "Those sound like words?"

They chuckled in amusement and George sat up a bit, arms a little shaky but they held him Up. "No seriously, I don't think I've ever had a more intense orgasm. I thought I died." George wasn't surprised by how hoarse he was, grinning ear to ear at the other two.

Sapnap smirked and draped himself across the others back, not pressing too hard. "I'm just that good." He boasted, pressing a chaste kiss to George's cheek, Dream rolling his eyes in the background.

"It wasn't you but how much I was destroying his little prostate." Dream said with an eyebrow wiggle and wink.

"I think you guys fucked me stupid, I couldn't even stand up if I tried." George went on, ignoring the bickering with a grin. "My legs are gone, my voice is gone, my soul damn near ascended. Holy fuck."

Dream kneeled on the bed to steal a kiss, none of the earlier aggression present. "As much as I love hearing how amazing I am at fucking, I'm exhausted, my sheets are gross, and you can't move. Sapnap, can we all squeeze in the spare bedroom?"

Sapnap pauses, considering it before shrugging. "It's not a California king, but a King is still just as

well.” He finally said. Without another word, Dream scooped the Brit up, who simply wrapped his legs around the blond’s hips as he was carried over. Dream, not unlike before, set him on the edge of the bed and kissed his forehead.

“I will be right back with pills, water, some clothes, and something to treat that bite on your leg. Do you need me to stay here longer before I get it?” Dream asked, watching the other's expression.

The brunet bit his lip before shaking his head. “No, just… both of you hurry back. I want cuddles.” Sapnap snickered from the side of the bed, diving in and scooping the boy close to his chest.

“Dream is getting it, I’m here for cuddles.” He said with a grin aimed at Dream who glared half heartedly as he turned to leave the room. George tucked himself into the others chest, feeling warm and safe, so safe. “You’re like a little animal, curling up like that.” Sapnap mused as he smoothed out the other's hair. “I really like you, and so does Dream. I don’t think we’ll talk about it tonight, but I would love it if you were our third for a while.” George’s breath caught, Sapnap immediately kissing his forehead with reassurance. “Don’t think about it now, let us just cuddle you and sleep, we can talk it out tomorrow over breakfast. Don’t eat anything Dream gives you, hes awful at cooking anything for breakfast.”

“I leave for 2 minutes and you are already trash talking?” Dream asks with a teasing tone, chucking a white shirt and shorts at Sapnap before handing George a blue set. “That one is an old set of mine, it’s probably going to be too big like the shorts, but it should do for tonight, and I’ll wash your clothes for you tomorrow.”

George sat up with a groan, half jokingly but not really. He tugged the blue shirt and shorts on, practically pouting at how baggy they were, but it was better than nothing. Dream caught George’s elbow as he went to lay back down. “Don’t get the wrong idea, but I need you to turn over. I have to clean the bite out.” At this George truly pouted but sighed, too tired to argue. He spun onto his stomach, wincing as Dream gently touched the skin. “Man I got you good.” Dream muttered, making George blush.

“Shut up.” George said without venom, hissing as he felt Dream dab some antibiotics to the back of his thigh, unable to help the curling of his lips at the pain, blushing as Sapnap made kissey faces at him. Finally Dream placed a bandaid over it, patting the opposite side of his thigh to show he was done. Wordlessly, Dream left the room to put the antibacterial and bandaids away, leaving George and Sapnap alone again.

The brunet turned over with a sigh, the endorphins dropping off enough to feel how painful that bite was. “He really is ruthless.”

Sapnap hummed sleepily, opening his eyes to stare at the other seriously. “Drink the water and pill George.” He said quietly, not as exuberant as before, although George could hardly blame him since he was also ready to pass out.

George stretched his arm out, grabbing the water and pills before swallowing both down quickly as Dream came back in, giving George an approving look as he flicked the room’s light off. Although the brunet could hardly see in the dark room, he smirked and reached out to drag the blond into the bed with him and Sapnap, sandwiching himself in between the two. Sapnap quickly scooted closer, wrapping himself around George, letting his head rest on the brunet’s shoulder with a content sigh. Dream couldn’t help but grin and lean down to kiss Sapnap’s head, sweet and kind, doing the same to George. The Brit hummed in contentment as two pairs of arms found a way to touch him and each other, feeling their breaths on his forehead and cheek, making him feel so safe and warm.

Uncertain about tomorrow and its possibilities, George turned to the two warm bodies near him,

giving into sleep that was calling his name. Just before he finally passed out, a thought ran through his head, filling him with a rush of warmth.

I could get used to this, it's not half bad at all.

End Notes

This took me 2 days to write and one more to edit and I know I didn't catch eberything, but I hope it wasn't a difficult read for anybody... I'm thinking of continuing this sporadically, as seperate fics, as its own Au series. I dont see enough ethical or realistic Polyamory in writing, and would love to expand on it... when I have the motivation. I'll likely write atleast 3 more in this universe with 'the next morning' , Sapnap and Dream's argument that happened prior to the fic, and the third being them actually having a scripted out scene where I can bring out all the crazy stuff. No timeline on it though, :p

I hope y'all enjoyed it and, most importantly...

DREAM HIT 8 MIL, SEND SOME LOVE TO THE BOY!

Bai!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!